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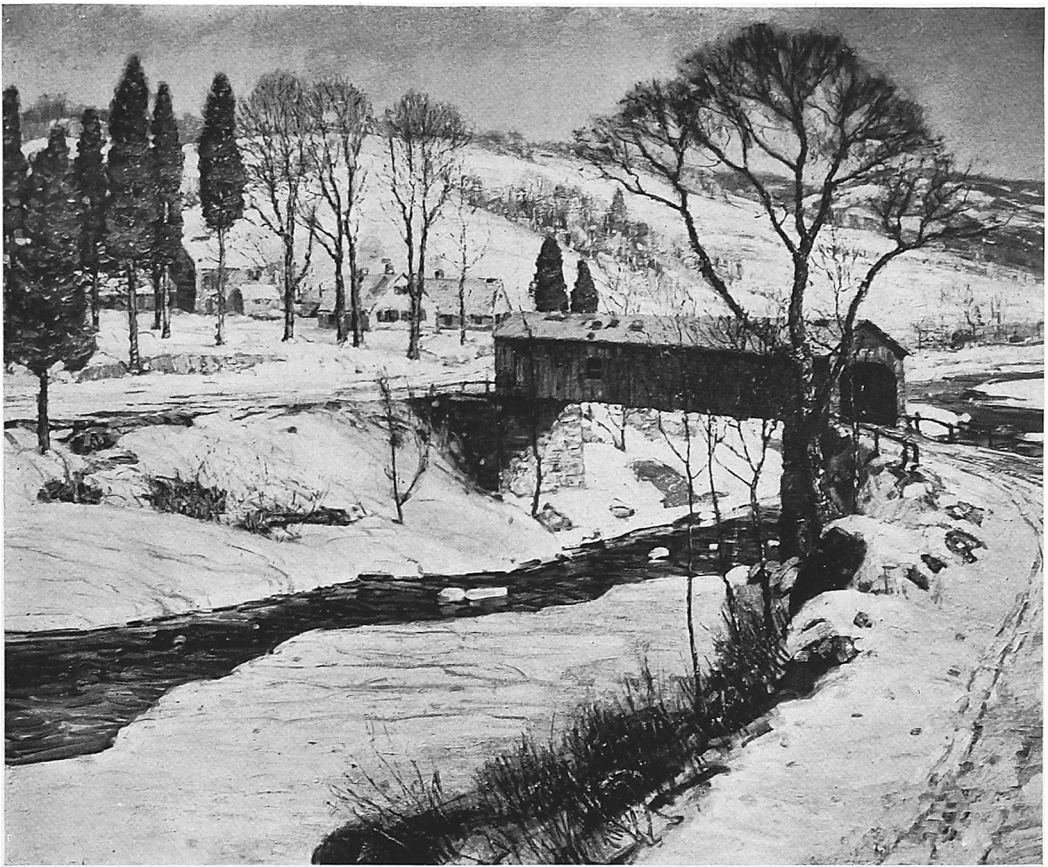
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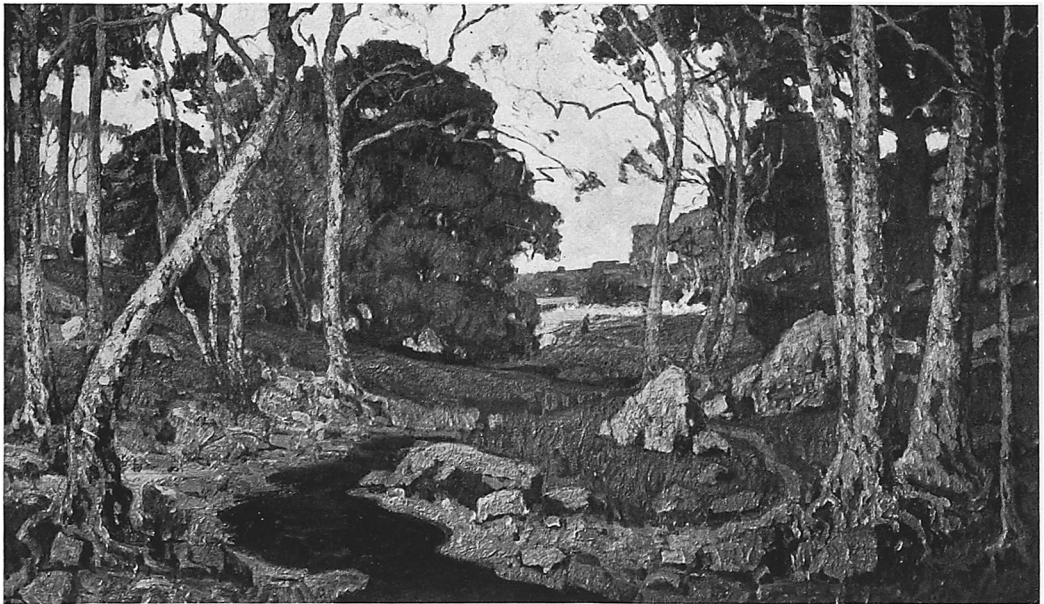
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THE BRIDGE AND WINTER SUNLIGHT

By GARDNER SYMONS



LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

By WILLIAM WENDT



MUSEUM OF HISTORY, SCIENCE AND ART—
EXPOSITION PARK, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Some Aspects of Art in the Great Southwest

By ANTHONY ANDERSON

WE in the West like to believe—and in fact do most fondly believe—that Art follows closely behind the stately march of Empire, and that they are conquerors together, the one clearing vast spaces for man's abiding place, the other making them beautiful and desirable.

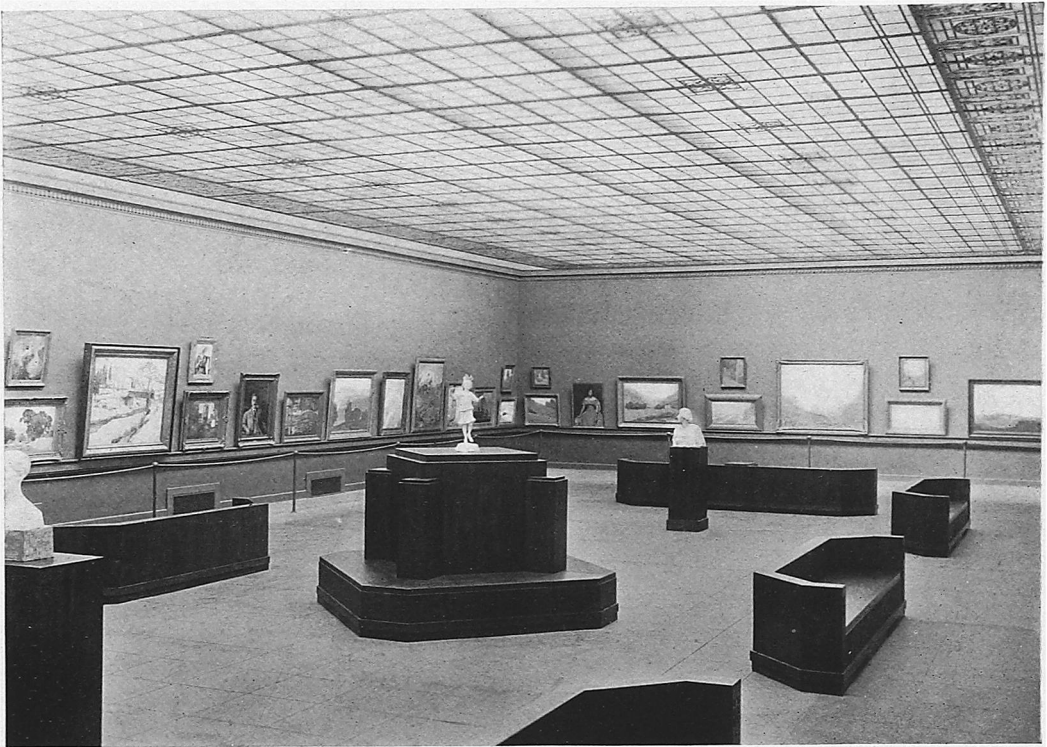
The broad blue expanse of the Pacific has called a final halt—or so we think,—and the last encampment, lying far to the south, proved to be in such a beauty spot, such a place of heavenly rest, that there seemed to be no need of building ships for further adventure. It has always been difficult for Empire to get over deep, wide waters, anyway. So, in time, the quiet little camp became a busy big city.

When the sound of hammer and axe goes on incessantly, as it must in the building of a huge city like Los Angeles, the gentle voice of Art is not listened to, or at least is heard with difficulty. Wisely, the

heavenly maid refrains from speech till the worst of the hubbub is over. When at last she steps forward, into the very midst of the men in the market place, all the jaded city-builders greet her with eager expectancy. Though they have become rich and prosperous, something has been lacking from the full measure of their satisfaction,—something more subtly stimulating than the cakes and ale of the theatre,—and perhaps she has it for them.

But let us drop from the high flights of metaphor to the plane of more sober rhetoric. The prospect may not be so wide, but at all events our horizon is bounded by familiar hills. We know where we "are at," and we feel reasonably sure of how far we may go without getting lost.

Art may be "new" in Los Angeles, but it is not raw. Its main stem of growth is unique, for it has sprung from unique conditions of soil and climate, but it has sus-



VIEW OF MAIN ART GALLERY—MUSEUM OF HISTORY, SCIENCE AND ART—EXPOSITION PARK, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

tained so many graftings from older cultures that its flower today shows much familiar beauty blended with that which is native to itself. In painting—sculpture has not yet taken firm roothold—there has been an almost unanimous choice of landscape, a preference whose wisdom you cannot question when you consider the almost incomparable natural beauties of Southern California, and when you remember that here the painter may happily forget, throughout the entire year, the progress of the four seasons, and every warning that the weather bureau sends out to the rest of the world.

With such perfect conditions of content for the painter, a strong school of landscape painting has literally "grown in the sun" in Southern California in a very few years. In the matter of technique it ranks

with any other body of painters, for, as I have already said, these men have learned their craft in Paris and New York and Chicago. Most of them, however, paint the landscape rather than interpret it, record the outward reality rather than the inner vision. For they are "new," remember, and the field is "new," and youth's joy in nature is not at first reflective. But this stricture may be put on the work of almost all the landscape painters of America—for all America is still young.

The growth of art appreciation in Los Angeles during the past ten years has been rapid, though perhaps not so rapid nor so phenomenal as the growth of the city itself in population and material prosperity. Indeed, that advance in material splendor has been so swift and spectacular that it has demanded everybody's astonished attention.

THE BEACH HAT
By ROBERT HENRI

*Courtesy Museum of History,
Science and Art—
Exposition Park, Los Angeles.*



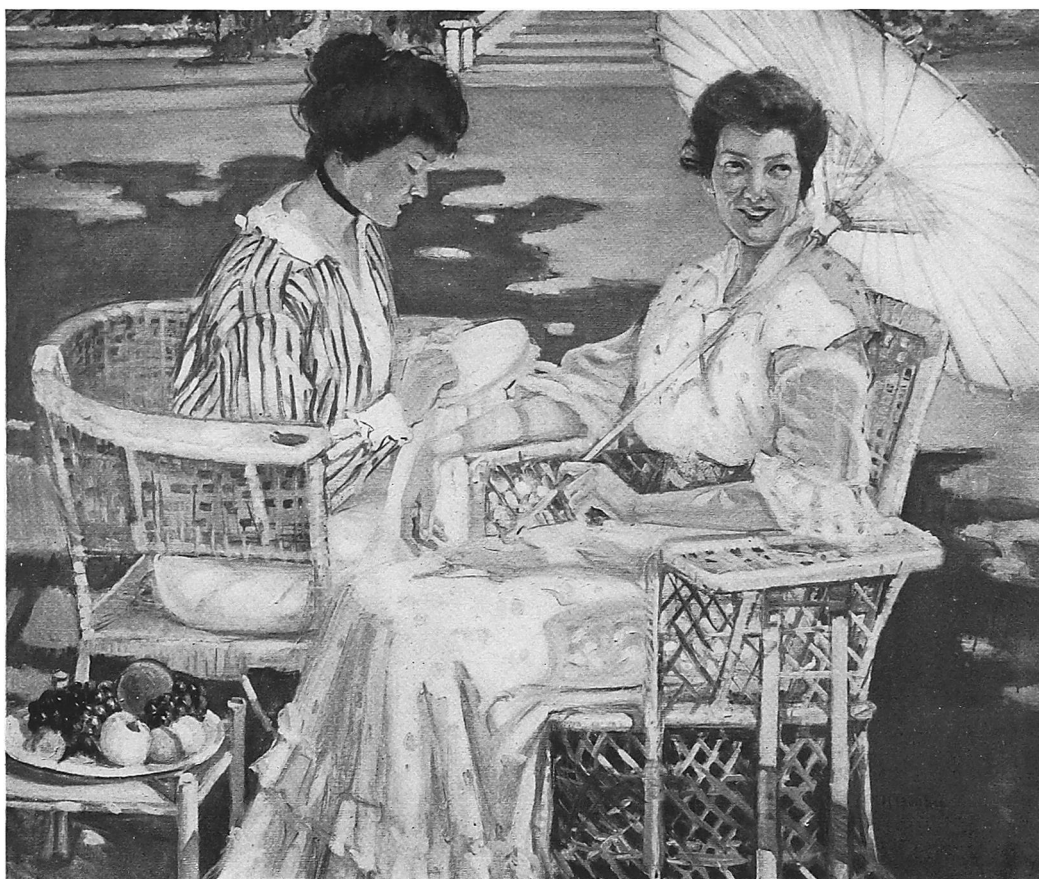
But the cause of art received an entering wedge here and there by a few men and women who believed in its ultimate—and even its present—necessity to a modern civilized community of half a million souls.

There were art exhibitions in Los Angeles ten years ago, but they were few and far between—and so, for the matter of that, were the artists. The exhibitions have become numerous, and the artists have also increased amazingly in numbers, flocking here from the great centers of the world. These painters came out to “investigate,” for the fame of Southern California as a sketching-ground has spread in every direction, and most of them remained to paint—and remained a little longer—and then neglected to go back at all to Boston and Paris.

Good exhibition galleries are not easily

found anywhere, and Los Angeles has suffered with other cities. At last, however, the long cry was heard and heeded. Los Angeles County, which owns a fine tract of land in the southwestern part of Los Angeles, gave it the name of Exposition Park and erected a number of handsome buildings for the exploitation of the products and industries of Southern California. Among the new buildings is the dignified and architecturally-satisfying Museum of History, Science and Art, with one large gallery 100x70 feet, and with two smaller galleries 30 feet square. The opening exhibition took place November 6, 1913, the pictures shown being loaned examples of works of California painters and other canvases loaned by local art collectors.

The Museum of History, Science and Art is controlled by a Board of Governors



SUMMER AFTERNOON

By HELENA DUNLAP

who are acting for the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County. The various art galleries are under the curatorship of Mr. Everett Maxwell, assisted by Miss Rose Lippincott. No choice for curator could have been happier. Mr. Maxwell, a young man of taste and keen artistic judgment, has had several years of training in other picture galleries. He has proved himself so awake to the interests and requirements of the important gallery in Exposition Park that scarcely a week has passed without its new and stimulating exhibition of paintings, or prints, or original illustrations, or works in the art-crafts.

Every day is a free day at the gallery. No admission charges are asked at any time or on any occasion. The public's re-

sponse has been almost pathetically eager and grateful.

Last November Mr. Maxwell inaugurated a series of special exhibitions which are to continue throughout the year. Among the painters whose works have already been shown are Robert Henri, Francis McComas, George Bellows, William Wendt, Elmer Wachtel, Marion Kavanagh Wachtel, Jean Manneheim, Hanson Puthuff, George Inness, Benjamin Chambers Brown, Norman St. Clair and Helena Dunlap. The California Art Club, with a membership of thirty, William Wendt being president, gives its annual exhibition here, and the Print Makers, new but full of talent and enterprise, will also show in the gallery.